1-7-1944

Flight Record 16

Wofford College 40th College Training Division

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DETAILS OF NEW SCHEDULE ANNOUNCED

GROUP STAFF OF CLASS 43-J RETIRES

Better Balanced—More Work
E Quintile Gets Five Weeks

Under the class schedule which will apply to students at the 40th C. T. D., after January 10, all Aviation Students will take courses which will include every subject, instead of the present specialized training, according to Dean Norton.

On January 10, every quintile will step into the new schedule. The average stay at Wofford will be 22 1/2 weeks instead of the present 20 weeks, because of the addition of an extra week to the E quintile. This will be for the purpose of making up any flights lost during the quintile.

Features of the new schedule include 60 hours of geography and history, 80 hours of mathematics, and 180 hours of physics. English will start in D quintile, and will include one hour of public speaking in addition to reading and writing. Stress will be placed upon technical writing on military subjects and reading for comprehension.

During A, B, and C quintiles a student will take four subjects, plus laboratory. In D quintile he will have math, English, and physics, plus two hours of physics laboratory. In E quintile, he will have four hours of class work with prescribed subjects instead of lectures each day. A remedial study hour will be 1430. During this period individual assistance will be given in all subjects to anyone who needs special instruction.

The new schedule will be a better balanced schedule. It will also be more streamlined, containing only matter directly applicable to air crew work. Of course, it will entail more work, according to authorities.

TAG DANCE FOR COTILLION CLUB

Tonight will usher in another new type of dance for trial here at the 40th C. T. D. The recently formed Cotillion Club, under whose auspices the last dance was engineered, has decided to hold a “tag-dance” tonight and more or less leave the success of the prom up to the students in general.

A/S David Lanning, new chairman of the Cotillion Club, has, in accordance with the committee, decided to make this a “non-card” dance. However, he thinks that for the convenience of those who prefer to spend more time with a particular girl, that there will be a few of the non-tag dances. It is planned to have a public address system, in order to announce which dances will be “tag,” and which will be open dances.

It is the plan of the dance committee that more slow, smooth numbers will be used. In fact, the band will be asked to favor the ballad type of number throughout tonight’s program. Chairman Lanning also expects that with a P. A. system the band will be able to do some of their famous specialty numbers for our entertainment.

This dance committee has a genuinely sincere purpose of making tonight’s dance as much fun as possible for as many as possible. However, they can go no further than to set it up. If you want this dance to be a good one, and want more of them, if you want “sweater-hops” on the Fridays between quintiles, each and every man in the gym tonight will have to pitch in.

There is an old proverb: “One gets out of life just what he puts into it.” That old adage seems very appropriate for us at this time. Go to your dance with a proper sense of your social obligations, and you will be sure to have a good time.

Let’s get out there tonight, thank the committee by cooperation with them for our own enjoyment, and make this Graduation Ball the most successful one seen on this campus to date!

E. N. K.

Sergeant Freezes Hands

Washington (CNS) — 8/Sgt. Kaminsky of Brooklyn peeled the heavy gloves off his hands to repair a jammed machine gun in the waist of a Flying Fortress at a height of five miles.

His hands froze immediately and stuck to the gun metal as he worked. But he finished the repair job. Now he is recuperating in a hospital.
**FLIGHT RECORD**

**Resolutions For The New Year**

While traversing the scenic old campus of our fair institution, an observant spectator is likely to hear frequent utterances in regards to the inspiring and cheering resolutions that our illustrious students have voiced. Notable among these statements is one issued by a gallant Southern gentleman to the effect that instruction will be given to the Yankee element, for a nominal fee, in the correct and appropriate enunciation of the English language as used in this vicinity. The spokesman for the former group was quoted as promising an intensive curriculum, at no additional remuneration in the technique of cutting the famed Southern drawl in an irresistible pattern—a pattern for which foreigners previously yearned. After much hesitation and deliberation, it was even agreed that a monopoly in "y'all" and "huh!" would be generously shared. To observe the attitude of cooperation in the hearts of these noble resolvers should produce unlimited gratitude throughout the detachment.

In the scope of athletics, many a warrior has seen the foreboding of the evil that appears on the horizon. The thought of attaining a P. F. R. of seventy (70), after temporarily striking terror into many a palpitating heart, seems to have instilled in even the most distinguished goof-offs an in-conquerable determination to reach the goal. Seen staggering in the general direction of Petoskey's chamber of horrors, namely the field house, an "E" quintet stalwart was heard to resolve forcefully that he was striving conscientiously to better his physical condition and that success was clearly in view. "Within a month I'll be doing two whole pull-ups, and I won't even use my feet on the posts to do them."

If one rooms aimlessly around the architecture provided as our domicile, one will hear almost the unbelievable. A particular character of the "C" squadron brotherhood, who is well known for his unquestionable tardiness at any given formation or class, ejaculated that his resolution was influenced somewhat by the perils of the tour track. Said character lamented that he resolves to attend class in the New Year at least once on time and to have his shirt on when he arrives. It has been said that even miracles will occur at some time. The accomplishment of this resolution will leave no doubt in our minds as to the veracity of this statement.

C. F. T.

**NEW YEAR OF HOPE**

This being the first issue of the new year, it is appropriate to stop and meditate a minute over what '44 holds, and how we fit into the picture.

There have already been several catchy slogans offered to mark this year such as, "Stop the war in '44," or "this is the year of Hope." These phrases are all very attractive but it seems that we should look at the prospects of 1944 more intelligently; for us here at the 40th C. T. D. it will be a year of diligent studying and concentrated efforts on the work of training to become pilots, navigators, and bombardiers. Each man, quite naturally, hopes that either before the end of this year, or very early after the dawn of 1945, he will realize the materialization of his dreams with the winning of the coveted "Silver Wings and Gold Bars." This seems to be an excellent goal at which to aim and is ideally our own "raising of Berlin or Tokyo." We can not go into actual combat this year because we are not yet trained for combat. But with an honest and sincere effort we can aid those of our brothers and buddies who are in the theatres of operation. The question is, "How?" One way is to settle down to facts, stop trying to "get away with this or that," show the boys over seas that what they are doing will not be in vain. Give them confidence that what they are doing will be finished with capability and rapidity by us when we get there. This war will not be terminated this year, even with an unpredictable early defeat of Nazi-Germany. The Japs will take at least a year longer, and every one of us will, undoubtedly, see combat. We ought not let that be an incentive to "make hay while the sun shines," but rather let it be a guide to us to keep us "on the beam."

This year is going to be filled with peril and disaster; our country is going to lose a lot of battles, and untold numbers of American lives will be taken. It is our duty here at home to do everything in the power of each of us to cooperate in every possible way with the government and know that what it prescribes is the best thing. This year will probably, close to its end, see the surrender of Hitler, but the battle isn't won yet, and until the final day, until the complete victory, we all have a part to play.

E. N. K.

**TENTATIVE SCHEDULE**

WOFFORD COLLEGE—CLASS SCHEDULE

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**MESS**

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**REMEDIAL INSTRUCTIONS**

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**MILITARY INSTRUCTION**

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POETRY

SPAM WHAT AM

Jackson had his acorns, Grant his precious Rye;
Teddy had his poison beef, worse you couldn't buy.
The doughboy had his hardtack, without this army Jam,
All armies on their stomach move, and this one moves on Spam.

For breakfast they will fry it, for supper it is baked,
For dinner it goes delicate—they have it put-a-cake,
Next morning it's with flapjacks or maybe powdered eggs,
For God's sake, where'd they get it?

They must of ordered it by legs!
Oh, surely for the evening meal they'll cook something new,
But cooks are sure uncanny, now the Spam is in the stew.

And thus this endless cycle goes, it never seems to cease,
There's Spam in stew and Spam in pie, and Spam in boiling grease,
We've had it tucked in salads, with cabbage and corn beef.
We had it for an entrée, also aperitif—
We've had it with spaghetti, with chili and with rice.
We all remember one bright day
Back home I have an angel whose name I'm going to change;
I'll purchase her a fairy home with a new-fangled range.
But marital bliss is sure to cease if I ever ask for Ham—
And find my eggs are looking at a golden slice of Spam!

"Long John" Robert S. Hykes, Quintile "C".

A MIND AT EASE

A man may wander along and dream, By the cool clear waters of a mountain stream, And listen to the whistle of a small bird's song, And bell to say himselt, "Here I belong."

There is peace to be found, if we but seek, In the now that's the crest of a craggy peak;
In the rustle of wind in some tall old tree, There next to nature a man's spirit is free.

I need not go to far lands to find Beauty, adventure, and peace of mind, For all of these things I find here, if I look, In the tales I read from a well written book.

A/S L. R. BLENLOW
Quintile D.

FLIGHT RECORD

More Poetry

A FLYER'S SWAN SONG

Out of the vastness of the sky
The battleground of those who fly,
A mournful hymn from the stillness
Sounds to mark the fall of one who died
Like a viking in his funeral pyre.
The air-borne craft the pilot shrouds,
In flaming tints that heed the cry;
"Here is a man that's fit to die!"
He gave his all that we might live, And to eternity now he divies.
The cold damp earth he'll never know, For his soul speeds back along the path
Of towering smoke that lines the sky, Into the brightness high above.

ROBERT L. INGRAM
Quintile C.

MIDNIGHT SOLITAIRE

At night the guard patrols his silent beat, With tired back and heavy aching feet, A mighty cudgel holds he in his fist And flash-light strong to pierce the dark and mist, A far bell sounds the hour soft and sweet, Soft and sweet.

Stars coldly wink: the moon is riding low, The freight trains in the valley come and go, In Carlisle Hall the tired students sleep, Pounding their ears in righteous slumber deep, Trusting the guard who paces to and fro, To and fro.

He shivers in the foggy winter night, And looks across the valley, where a light
Glooms warmly in some maiden's scented room, Glows wanton, perfumed, warmly in the gloom, Glows in his heart wofully bright, Wolfishly bright

He watches while she combs her silver hair, And peels down to her shingy Munsing wear, Then loudly curses as the shade she draws, Gripping his club with hairy paws. Isaw insistent unable to bear, Unable to bear.

A/S Robert T. Cline, Quintile "D".

Gal Loses Pants—Offers' Bras

Alexandria, La. (CNS)—A stenographer employed at the Army Air
FLASH!
Mass Slaughter!

After much cudgeling of wits and nail chewing, the first bashful entries to the FLIGHT RECORD poetry contest began to trickle in to the editor's desk. We hereby present a sampling of this poetic trickle, and hope that it will become a flood as the deadline date nears.

Favorite subject matter seems to be the Air Corps, although several escapists have written visitably of the beauty of nature unsullied by G. I. parties and reviels.

The staff of your FLIGHT RECORD reminds you that the last day on which you may submit entries is January 14, 1944. Competition between squadrons to bring home the first prize of five dollars is reported to be keen. Thus far it looks like anybody's money, as all the entries are good. In addition to the first prize, a second prize of three dollars, and two additional prizes of one dollar each are offered.

We urge you to get out the pencil and paper. Put down that rhyme that has been running around in your head. It may bring you fame and fortune—well, at least fame!

May Call by Milton Caniff, creator of "Terry and the Pirates"

SIRY, GENERALS, I CAN'T GO OUT WITH YOU TONIGHT... I HAVE A DATE WITH ONE OF THE BOYS IN THE 25TH!

AW, GEEZST, MISS LACE...

THE 25TH... THAT'S THE NEW OUTFIT NOT JUST MOVED IN! THEM GUYS GOT A NERVE COMMANDEERIN' OUR CHICK!

Gigs and Gags

Still no gigs nor gags from the "Yearlings."

Squadron "B"
Quintile "B" extends its heartiest congratulations to Danny Schwartz, Bob Crippen, and Aubrey Phillips, who were all quite successful at the art of becoming engaged.

Ode to the Greek
One of the boys of "B", Who is always a sight to see, Now shares at the mug of a girl named Peg. And wishes that she were with he.

Although shoes are definitely an important part of the soldier's uniform, we want Phil Mather to know that G. I. boots do not constitute the complete attire of 40th C. T. D. aviation students. After receiving a short physical, A/S Mather proceeded to make his exit from the field house scantily clad in G. I. boots. That is all.

Squadron "C"
We know one place where God isn't—seems that at 0555 on Christmas morn—the C. Q. was trying unsuccessfully to wake ye sports editor, and the latter not wishing to be disturbed for even a long distance call, uttered something like this, "I don't care if God is on the phone, I want to sleep." Hagop Jangochian, sleeping in the next bunk, woke up at this point and with cold seriousness looked up at Mac and said, "I couldn't be Him (God) because the call is from Beverly, Mass."

Speaking of Hagop Herruach Jangochian, he promises positively to give a public rendition of "Old Man River" in the near future. I mean—he's terrific....

Before visiting room 206 Snyder Hall make sure that your gas mask is in perfect working order—A/S E. F. Lethington and Louis Lee are buds for "El Ropeo" stories.

Flash! "Der Fuerer" takes pride in the fact that he is a "short-plated," notorious "Chow-bound" with a "Limy" accent, thus making Crockett wait for seconds.

"Cake-eater" Guy Jones believes that someone "Frenched" his bed with cake crumbs—someone please inform the chap that he should not eat cake in bed.

Squadron "D"
When Hank Meyer went in to be interviewed the other night, the student Major asked him if he had ever......
Attacking. Never Take Terrain For Granted

I had any previous military experience. Hank quickly replied that he used to be a Boy Scout. I’m afraid that won’t do, Hank.

It’s really too bad about the Texas Aggies losing the Orange Bowl game, isn’t it? Maybe if they’d done more playing and less bragging they would have won. Boy, that’s one bowl they ought to flash!

I see Gene Hogan got himself engaged the other day. What some people won’t do to get their laundry done!

On Sunday night when I came into my room, all my roommates got down on their knees. What a spectacle! What an ovation! What a G.I. party!

I wish John Milowski wouldn’t talk in his sleep. I don’t mind an occasional word now and then, but when he recites Lincoln’s Gettysburg address and goes through two choruses of “Shoo, shoo, Baby”—that is going too far.

Mary Metosky wants me to retract the statement I made last week. His girl was not voted “Miss Morphine of 1942.” It was ’41.

The other night on guard duty I had an odd experience; around 0200 I heard someone approaching and shouted, “Halt, who is there?” A voice from out of the dark murmured, “Oh, you wouldn’t know me I’m new around here.”

Gerry McFadster told me he acted perfectly normal after he came in from his New Year’s Eve celebration. If you call crawling up-stairs on your hands and knees “normal,” then it’s a new one on me.

When Phil Barrager came back from Tryon last week-end the bus was pretty crowded. There was one vacant seat and Phil and one old lady remained standing. But Phil was polite about the whole thing—he told the old lady he’d race her for it!

A. W. M.

Squadron "E"

Quintile “E” leaves Wofford this week, and so as we reflect upon our stay here, we recall the many notables who have appeared in this column. Therefore, we dedicate this space to the most outstanding characters of the class of 43-J.

A/S Neuhaus and Sneath will be remembered for the genuine G. F. O’s they turned out to be. It will be interesting to see their P. F. R’s.

And then there is “Junior.” Oops!! I mean Sgt. “Junior.” You figure him out, I’m tired.

As for Hot Pilot of 43-J, Chuck Slepicka’s “graveyard maneuver” is aviation history. “Slappy” in a P-38 (look out below).

Who is the big dog they call ladies’ man? “Booze nose” Lou, of course.

And in the comic department H. J. Sowa’s ear wiggling has to be seen to be appreciated. “Boy, oh, boy.”

Frank Swanbabe’s vocal efforts are genuine art. Ask him about his Knoxville venture.

It is rumored that A/S Woutat will leave a string of broken hearts behind him when he leaves. We wonder? If any one in A, B, C, or D squadrons want any old addresses, consult Errol Finch.

Hillsboro, Ill. (CNS)—Four men and a dog went hunting ‘cousin the other day. After several hours of hunting had produced no traces of a ‘coon, the dog suddenly ran on the hunters and chased them up a tree, where they remained until dawn when the dog, tired of it all, walked away.

Barber-Shop Germonio

Smiling a. f. Belk, tre post bar­ ber, relates of what he calls “my most unforgettable character.” It seems that the day before Christmas a tall, handsomc A/S whose name cannot be publicized, but I can say that he is often referred to as “Ye Ed,” and is my boss, got into Mr. Belk’s chair in the Post Exchange and asked for the best hair-cut in the house. Obliging Mr. Belk smiled and started to “commerce,” but his comb refused to penetrate the customer’s hair, in fact, upon closer examination the barber discovered that Phil’s hair was in a concrete form. Well, after some rather intricate investigation, it came out that said Editor had hastily grabbed what he thought to be his hair-tonic to slick up the pretty locks, so as to look his best when meeting his wife at the station. What he had actually sprayed on his scalp, however, was some highly potent shampoo, which upon drying becomes solid. The barber then proceeded to cut the customer’s hair, using great pains-taking efforts not to chip or break the clippers or to spring any teeth on the comb.

E. N. K.

New Air Fighter Tactics Taught Pilots in Britain

England (CNS)—A post graduate school for airmen where carefully selected British and American fighter pilots are taught perfect tactical co-operation has been established here. Its purpose is to prepare fliers for the air battles which will precede and accompany the opening of the second front in Europe.
SPORTS

SPORTS CHATTER — WORLD WIDE AND WOFFORD . . . By D. E. M.

This week, the St. Louis Sporting News, the bible of the baseball world, announced their universally-recognized selections of the most outstanding men in baseball’s major and minor leagues for the season of 1943. Triumphing over handicaps stemming from the game’s second season under wartime conditions, winners of the top distinctions in the major and minor leagues were selected for achievements that were accomplished in the face of greater difficulties than in the past. For those of this detachment who do not have access to their favorite sports newspaper, the results are published here: Outstanding Major League Executive, Clark Griffith; Outstanding Major League Manager, Joseph V. McCarthy; Outstanding Major League Player, S Roggen Chandler. It was Marse Joe’s third time to be named the Outstanding Manager of the Year, thus setting an unprecedented feat.

News of primary interest to quite a large number of the 40th C. T. D. that has been unduly slighted is the past few issues by the Chatter is the present standing and prospects in the National Hockey League. At present, the Montreal Canadiens lead the pack of six war-stricken sextets by a full dozen points, and seemed destined to cop the league as it has already passed the half-way mark. Bunched closely in second, third, and fourth place are the Toronto Maple Leafs, the Boston Bruins, and the Chicago Blackhaws, respectively. Battling it out for the fifth position and Stanley Cup Playoff Spot are the Detroit Red Wings and the New York Rangers. Incidentally, Frank Boucher’s Gotham lads are suffering one of their worst seasons in history as far as the W. & L. and the gate is concerned. . . . but, as always in the NHL, when the chips are down, in the Cup playoffs, final standing in the league means naught and the Rangers are bound to cause plenty of damage before the skates are hung up for another dubious summer.

Forty-three major league players have been inducted into the armed forces since the close of the baseball season last October.

Hardest hit in the draft were the St. Louis Cardinals, National League champions, who lost Walker Cooper, their great catcher; Outfielder Harry Walker, Second Baseman Lou Klien and Johnny Hopp, versatile utility player.

The world champion New York Yankees lost Spud Chandler, their most valuable player, and Charlie Keller, veteran outfielder who was frozen to his defense job in Baltimore. In addition, two other stars, Bill Dickey and Joe Gordon, have indicated that they may not play next year.

Among the other players inducted were Luke Appling of the Chicago White Sox; Dick Wakefield and Tommy Bridges of Detroit; Mickey Witke of the New York Giants; Kirby Higbe of Brooklyn, and Hi Bithorn of the Chicago Cubs.

Lt. Mike De Cosmos, the former lightweight fighter, has the biggest pair of feet of any man his size at Camp Stewart, Ga. He’s only five feet five but he wears size 12 kicks.

Lt. Bob Sagan, fleet-fooled back on one of Elmer Layden’s teams at Notre Dame, has received the Air Medal for heroism in a dive-bombing mission in the South Pacific area.

The first major league baseball group to appear before soldiers overseas arrived at the U. S. Headquarters, Alaskan Department recently, on the first stop of a three-month tour that will take them to several mainland posts and down the Aleutian chain as far west as Attu. The Alaskan Department Special Service section is sponsoring the tour.

Comprising the troupe are Frankie Frisch, manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, Dixie Walker of the Brooklyn Dodgers, Hank Borowy of the New York Yankees and Danny Litwhiler and Stan Musial of the St. Louis Cardinals. Little mention of the war is made by the troupe; they stick to baseball and try for some laughs. “The soldiers here would rather talk with big league players than with Betty Grable,” said Pfc. Howard T. Kosbau, sports editor of the Sourh Sound Sentinel, the service paper catering to the men in Alaska and the Aleutians.

Ranking among the top fifteen football teams in the country this year was the Army Specialized Training Unit’s aggregation at New Mexico State College. Comprised of contemporary gridiron greats in collegiate days, this eleven whipped through a tough schedule with nary a mar on their record. Chet Menkes, stellar right wing on the varsity team, was selected as the most outstanding man for his Hutson-like pass snatching that brought the New Mexico team no less than five victories in itself. He accomplished one of the most impossible feats in football in one contest earlier in the season, when he broke through the line on one play and stole the ball from the opposing backfield and raced 85 yards for his fourth score of the game before either team knew that he had the ball. Similar stunts throughout the year were frequently pulled by the fleet-footed 6 foot 4 inch Menkes, and his season’s record of 17 touchdowns would have challenged any scorer in any team in the nation.

Visitors From Maxwell

Aviation - Cadets Schilling and Schorb, stationed at Maxwell Field, visited old acquaintances during the preceding Christmas holidays. Both were former Aviation-Students and were among the quintile that graduated on September tenth. A/C Schilling was “art editor” and did a first class job mapping the Fosgur Rson’s artistic future. They informed us that exchanges, refits, and cadet insignia are issued at Nashville and cadet blouses, short coats, hats and other clothing are authorized for wearing, but are not issued.

W. E. Jenkins, also of Maxwell Field, visited his brother Paul T., now stationed at “Wofford.” Bill is an aerial gunner and has spent many hours in the “Wild Blue Yonder” on a Liberator (B-24). His talent with the various types of weapons earned a position at the small arms school, so before you go through Pre-Flight for pilots, you’ll be calling him teacher.

FATS DIES

Kansas City (CNS)—Fats Walker, famed 278-pound jazz pianist and composer, died of a heart attack aboard a railroad train en route to New York from California. Walker, author of such song hits as “Ain’t Misbehavin’” and “Honeysuckle Rose” and famous from coast to coast for his buffrog voice and virtuosity at the piano, was 39.
AROUND THE CAMPUS WITH A CAMERA

1944 Bowl Games
Draw Fans in Rain
Rose Bowl, Pasadena, California
USC 29, Washington 0

Paced by the brilliant passing of Quarterback Jim Hardy, who rode the bench during the first quarter, University of Southern California's underdog Trojans sailed to an astonishingly easy 29-to-0 Rose Bowl victory over University of Washington before a crowd of 68,000 fans.

Sugar Bowl, New Orleans, La.
Georgi Tech 28, Tulsa 18

Georgia Tech's Ramblin' Wreck discarded its famed razzle-dazzle offensive long enough to smash to a 20-to-18 last quarter victory over Tulsa's classy Golden Hurricane before 69,000 grid fans in one of the most sensational Sugar Bowl games in history. Overlooked throughout the season, Tulsa had the nation's best civilian (24 4-F's) team, with more all-round strength, stouter line than the 1942 Sugar Bowl combine starring Glenn Dobbs. Yet, untested by tough opposition such as Tech, whose V. 12's profited in experience by such competition as Notre Dame, Navy, Duke, and North Carolina. Tech's clever, ball-hiding attack projecting powerful, talented Eddie Pridgen, coupled with hard, simple, straight football in the final stanza was just enough to outscore the Oklahomans.

Orange Bowl, Miami, Florida
LSU 19, Texas A. and M. 14

The swivel-hipped swing and sway of husky Steve Van Buren gave the Louisiana State Tigers a surprise 19- to-14 victory over the favored Texas A. and M. Aggies in the colorful Orange Bowl before an overflow crowd of 28,000. Van Buren, injured in November clash between the same two teams (A. & M. winning 28-13), soared to undreamed of heights when pitted against the whip-saw right arm of little Babe Hallmark, the Aggies' passing tailback. The "Moving Van" virtually ran his heart out for the victory, scoring the first touchdown and being responsible for all the Bengal's offensive power.

Cotton Bowl, Dallas, Tex.
Randolph Field 7, Texas 7

The nation's No. 1 pass offensive and the season's top pass defense fought to a muddy 7-7 stalemate in the eighth annual Cotton Bowl contest, as Dana Bible's Longhorns pulled timely interceptions on repeated occasions. Glenn Dobbs, Fifters' ace triple threat, kept the Texans on the needlepoint throughout the last period with his passing, running, and punting, but the mud jettisoned the impediments of the day's Best Game.

Other Games

In other games of lesser importance throughout the world were:

**Oil Bowl**, Houston, Texas—Southwestern (Louisiana) 24 Arkansas Aggies 7—Alvin Dark, former L. S. U. triple-threater, running true to press reports, led a wet triumph over the peak Oilers.

**Shrine Game**, San Francisco, California—East 13 West 13—On a rain-drenched field, two of the poorest teams ever to participate in the charity affair battled to a tie before a capacity crowd of 60,000 as college freshmen starred for both elevens.

**San Bowl**, El Paso, Texas—Southwestern (Texas) 7 New Mexico 0. A last period pass gave the Pirates a close win over the Lobos after a dull, rugged tussle.

**Arab Bowl**, Oran, Algeria—Army 10 Navy 7—Breaking a one-touchdown deadlock in the last ten seconds of play, the Army eleven defeated the Navy before 15,000 grid-hungry generals and G. L.'s in the first "Arab Bowl" game in football history.

**Irish Potato Bowl**—Belfast, Ireland—Gaels 0 Wolverines 0—The Gaels and the Wolverines, two teams of American infantrymen, did a lot of "marching" in the Potato Bowl football game, but got nowhere and the result was a 0-to-0 tie in a boggy field.

**Joe Bowl**, Spartanburg, South Carolina—Wofford 0 Converse 0—One of the toughest brawls of the day finished in nil as neither team could get anywhere. A muddy field prevented much scoring.

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### Physical Fitness Rating Achievement Scales

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<th>BEFORE</th>
<th>NOW</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>100</td>
<td>Superior</td>
<td>Excellent</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>90</td>
<td>Excellent</td>
<td>Very Satisfactory</td>
</tr>
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<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Very Poor</td>
<td>0</td>
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According to a late directive from Maxwell Field, the illustrated classifications will be used for P. F. R. classifications, instead of the earlier classifications listed on the left hand column. Whatever the laboring A/S may have thought of his own rating previously, it is now official. According to Coach Petoskey, few men of the graduating quintile fall below the satisfactory mark.

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**Permanent Party Wins Three More**

The Permanent Party added victories No. 19, 20, and 21 to their season's record in the past two weeks. The scores were: 31-to-20 over Squadron C, 64-to-63 over Spartanburg High School, and 47-to-28 over Squadron E.

The first of these three was the most exciting by far. After leading throughout the contest by a comfortable margin, the "C" lads blew up (literally and figurately) in the last few minutes and lost in the final seconds of play by Lt. Goldstein's long kick-shot.

In the second game, the winners took a long 33-to-15 lead at half time but the high school quintet came back to put on a great finish, unlike their first game with the Wofford Five. Midle O'Shields' 21 points led the victory.

Graduating Quintile 43-J had their chance for glory this Tuesday evening at the gym but did not fare well, as the Permanent Party easily won by 19 points, not being seriously threatened once. Sergeant Rhea, O'Shields, and Frank Valenzuela led the scoring with 14, 12, and 11 points, respectively, for the game.

**Court Active Soon**

Now that the painting has been completed and the necessity of restricting activity at the Field House has been abolished, Intra-Squadron basketball activity will again swing into its schedule this week, Coach Ted Petoskey announced recently.

Connie Mack, Jr., 31-year-old son of the 81-year-old owner and manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, passed his physical the other day at the New Cumberland (Pa.) reception center.

The University of Iowa will perpetuate the memory of Eos. Nile Kinnick, All American quarterback in 1939 who died last June when his Navy fighter plane crashed at sea, with an annual award of a gold medallion to the student judged most like him.

**Speedy Rookie Sets Record**

Jefferson Barracks, Mo. (CNS)—Bt. Hulton J. Wilson, 18, was in a hurry to get through his Army classification test. He finished in record time with a record score of 161.